

Good Morning

\$90

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Submariners' Stork Gets Going

And brings news of home to Sto. A.F. Wilkins, C.P.O. E.R.A. Tom Sharrock, Sto. Archie James, A.B. Harry Ward, L/Tel. Lewis Sutton and A.B. Donny Key

There are More Pictures on Back Page

WERE all breathless, that's what we are. We've been following a Stork, the Stork that keeps a friendly eye on submariners and delivers the goods!

It happened like this. We had the car out, lubricated and petrolled, cameras all fixed; and we were wondering what submariners' families to visit when there was a swoosh of wings and down on the radiator came the Stork.

He looked at us knowingly, and says he, he says: "Good Morning, boys, you come with me and I'll show you the way. For I know who you are to visit—and never mind anybody else's directions, it's me you've got to follow. Are you ready?"

"Here," we said, "give us a line on what you mean."

"Mean?" says the Stork. "Mean? If you don't come MY way, it's you that's mean. Can you tell ME my business? Here have I bin handing down the nicest set of babies I ever took out of store, all submariners' babies, too."

"Lead on!" we cried; and he rose and led us.

But just before he started he dropped a packet, and in that packet we read our directions.

The first call was at the home of STOKER A. F. WILKINS, 225, Victor Street, Grimsby.

"There's no need for ME to call," said the Stork, "for I called six months ago, but you

can tell Stoker A. F. Wilkins that Karen has arrived."

Well, all this was news to us, and the explanation is due to you, too, Stoker Wilkins. But maybe you have guessed what the name Karen means.

Your wife let us into the secret. Do you remember that night at the pictures some time ago when you and she sat out a film called "The Edge of Darkness"?

You said that if the baby was a girl she should be called Karen, after one of the characters. And your wife agreed, and she has kept the bargain.

And that, too, is what the Stork meant. Karen, your wife tells us, can say "Dadda" already; and there will be plenty for you to do about and with Karen when you come home!

Isn't your wife proud to show you Karen? She deserves to be, and so do you deserve to be proud of them both. And your wife says that she knows you'll be proud to see Karen's picture and her own in this paper. So go ahead and be proud, you lucky man!

The next call on the Stork's beat was to the home of C.P.O. E.R.A. TOM SHARROCK.

Well, maybe it was some time since the Stork called, but there was Baby Thomas where he was ready to prove that he could crawl with the best of 'em and walk with anything his size.

The Stork WAS delighted at

the progress; and so will you be when you see little Tom.

Your wife, Frances, had just finished another big event. Her sister Kathleen married Joe Wilcocks at St. Patrick's Church; and the bride's white satin gown and the four-yard veil, and the bridesmaids' pink and white gowns were all her own work.

And more than that, your wife makes all the clothes needed by young Tom.

He is nearing fifteen months (when we called), and his favourite pastime is to pull over his bath, and hide behind the sitting-room curtains. Oh, and listen to this. He had cut seven teeth—and steadily goes on cutting more.

Little Tom Sharrock to E.R.A. Tom Sharrock: "Hullo, Dad! I've cut seven teeth and am cutting more. I can walk. Just you look on the back page, Dad, and see!"

You wanted a picture of Thomas walking? Here it is on the back page with happy mother edging him along!

"And tell him," says your wife, meaning you, "that I am still visiting Tom's people. They sent a lovely card to Kathleen's wedding. Isn't that news for you, my lad?"

After that the Stork gave a

flutter of his wings and headed for Newcastle. Who for?

Why, this call was for STOKER ARCHIE JAMES, and the call came from your sweetheart, Ruth Cuthbertson, of 76, Prospect Place.

And there we got a picture of Ruth and your future sister-in-law's first baby, seven months' old Sandra.

Why have we given a picture of the tea table and the teapot? Just you turn to the back page and see, for there Somebody is having what he considers better than tea!



Tea-table all set for Stoker Archie James when he "gets the war over."

The point, however, Stoker James, is that Ruth, according to Alf (you know) isn't capable of looking after a baby, and every time she fixes his feeding time he toddles off somewhere else.

We don't know what Alf has in his mind about all this, but anyway Ruth asks us to tell you that she hopes you'll be coming home as soon as possible. She misses her visits to the football matches, and the dogs.

"And tell him," says she, "to look sharp and get the war over—and lots of love to him."

So now you've got your orders!

"Where are we going now?" we asked the Stork, and he winked a knowing eye and said:

"Call up A.B. HARRY WARD, of 12, Granville Road, Morris Green, Bolton, Lancs." We're calling.

Show a leg, Harry Ward, and listen here. Baby Josephine Ward is about the best disciplined daughter of the submarine service. In the four and a half months of her life she hasn't cried at all during the night.

That means she's satisfied with things as they are. So are you, we guess. You've got to meet her yet.

And let us tell you that Josephine never even displayed any objection when she saw our camera, the same camera that has made some babies just wild.

Your wife says that Josephine "takes to the water" as well as you take to Submarines; and Josephine gets her sunbath under artificial light which your father has engineered. So no wonder Josephine can show 16lbs. in weight!

The Stork's wings fluttered above us again.

"If you think you're finished," he said, "you're wrong. But I won't bother you after this next visit. It is to Dulwich, S.E."

And that is how we came to the home of L-TEL, LEWIS SUTTON, 21, Heber Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.

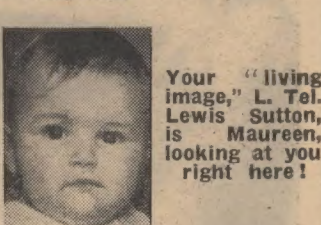


Does this remind you of anybody, A.B. Harry Ward? Josephine, your wife says, is the ideal baby. She never cries. Why should she, with sunbaths and all?

There we found all well, and especially baby Maureen. We only hope the picture shows what a fine kiddie she is, and, looking at your picture on the mantelpiece, we concluded Maureen is the living image of you, Lewis Sutton.

The other news for you is that Millie's husband, Bert, was then home on short leave, and hoped to remain in England. Your sister, Doris, spent a day recently with your wife, and Elsie, John and Peter were hoping to pay a visit shortly.

Pop still goes and has his pint, "pocket permitting," at the Heber, and Arthur was carrying on as usual. Mum says she is still keeping in trim. Gladys says her finest Christmas present would be for you to walk in and join the celebrations. She is getting a Christmas tree for the baby, and that will celebrate the first birthday, too.



Your "living image," L. Tel. Lewis Sutton, is Maureen, looking at you right here!

A last word. Maureen had two little teeth, of which she is very proud, and her personal message is: "Dad, Dad, Dad."

After that the Stork flew away, saying he'd other submariners' families to attend to. But although the Stork had gone we had another call to make.

This time it was for A.B. DONNY KEY, of 4, Cecily Street, Cheadle.

We were just in time for a fine cup of tea made by your Mother; but there were additions to the family.

Don't get us wrong. They were two evacuees from London—Leslie, a curly-headed three-years-old—and his big brother, Tom, who's five. You may meet them next time you're home.

You know about your sister Dorothy's wedding. She's gone to live in Manchester, but a few days before our visit she

and her husband called at No. 4. And to celebrate the union they took your Dad and Mother to an old-time dance!

They say your Dad cut a fine figure on the floor, and made up for your year's absence in one night. Your Mother noticed that all your girl friends were there.

By the way, talking about this, how long is that list on the lid of your attache case now? Do you still add a name or so now and then?

And here is a brief postscript. Your Mother sends all her love, and everybody at home is waiting for the day when you return—for good! The reunion will be around the table you see on the back page.

But, still breathless, we wonder where that Stork is now!

FROM OUR POST BAG

"I must write to congratulate you on the fine quality of your paper. I have been wearing No. 295 in my boots for six months and it hasn't let the wet in yet."

"Would it be possible to include in an early number of 'Good Morning' a paper pattern for cutting out pipe spills? I feel this would extend the usefulness of your journal."

"I am venturing to forward for your consideration the suggestion that you should have an eyelet hole punched in the top left-hand corner of 'Good Morning.' You will readily appreciate that this trifling addition would prove a convenience to all who keep 'Good Morning' hanging about the place."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"DEAREST, I LOVE YOU" Don't write it. Say it

WRITING love-letters is a popular business in wartime, and many a man would really let himself go if it weren't for the Censor. You can't give of your best when you know that you are writing in the shadow of a blue pencil.

The best writer of love-letters I ever knew was an A.B. in a destroyer. He used to make plenty of beer money penning sweet nothings at ninepence a page for his ardent but less articulate messmates.

He could uncork tender phrases with the fluency of Tommy Handley wisecracking. In "Civvy Street" he used to work for one of those picture-postcard firms, and his job was making up sugary little couplets and tender sentiments.

The most embarrassing experience on earth is having to squirm in court while some sarcastic barrister reads out your beautiful outpourings. But even the famous have gone berserk when they pined for their lady-loves and put pen to paper.

Charles Dickens, for example, was quite a realist until he started writing love-letters. A batch of them have been preserved. Many of them begin with the phrase, "Dearest Pig!"

A French poet, however, used to shoot a very different "line" once the pretty-pretty stuff misfired. In one of his epistles he addressed his darling as "Female demon, clumsy wench, horrible, horrible, horrible woman."

Yes, it worked, and he led her a terrible life once they were married.

Disraeli used to write charming notes to Queen Victoria and other ladies in his affected way. He was on his death-bed when a tender message from the Queen was handed to him. "A message, I suppose, for dear Albert!" he quipped.

Our leading playwright, G. B. S., also wrote some pretty bits of whimsy when in the mood. One of his letters to Mrs. Pat Campbell, the actress, was addressed to his "loveliest, doveliest, babiestic," and signed "your gabiestic, G. B. S.!"

But Shaw's common sense came to his aid when the same lady was hard-up and wanted to have his permission to publish the whole collection.

"No, Stella," he replied on a postcard, "I refuse to play horse to your Lady Godiva." Mussolini had a dangerous flair for dashing to the inkpot. Among his many loves was a girl who kept his letters after

he had abandoned her and her child.

She made arrangements to publish them, and was only dissuaded when the Fascist police gave her £100,000 for the collection. They'd be worth a lot less to-day!

The Americans are a practical people. When a man becomes infatuated he knows that breach-of-promise actions and a very frank Press are just around the corner. Much American love-making is done by telephone—it's less compromising.

Some men hire crooners and even quartets to do their serenading. It's done by 'phone at so much a minute!

One enterprising firm arranges to have kisses sent by radio with the imprint of the lips duly registered. It's not much of a thrill that way, but safer.

We've changed a good deal since Elizabethan times, when it was nothing to knock off a poem to your beloved when you got the urge.

The world's longest love-letter was written by a courtier.

It runs to 410,000 words, five times the length of an average novel, and reposes in the British Museum. We don't know if he ever got the girl.

Robinson Crusoe Rabbits

THERE seems to be some fascination about the low meadow after a spell of heavy rain. This meadow lies away from the arable fields, and in normal weather no one thinks of going that way to reach the fields on the hillside.

A cart-track from the farm makes a direct and easier way than the meadow.

But after heavy rains—or a quick thaw of snow—everyone becomes interested in the low meadow.

The reason?

The stream overflows its banks, leaving little islands stuck up here and there in the flooded grass, and on the islands can often be found a marooned rabbit.

It's queer how they will persist in making their homes under the old thorn trees alongside the stream, though every time a flood comes they are driven out.

And though most of them retreat to higher ground until the water subsides, there are always one or two ridiculous rabbits who manage to get surrounded by water.

Too timid to jump across, they sit waiting on the little islands—until a weasel or a man comes along.

Sometimes Topsy has a walk round that way, and it's fun watching her trying to make her passage from island to island.

Though an "all-weather" cat, she has no liking for cold water. She hastily draws back her paws when coming in contact with the flood.

And not until several false jumps have thoroughly soaked her fur, and made her look like a drowned cat, will she face the water boldly and leap across from island to island.

But at present Topsy has turned against rabbits, and limps around the barns content if she can catch a mouse.

Weasels have no such dread of water, and can swim easily across, so that often when Shep

or Jesse think they are capturing a rabbit, they find it's a dead one because a weasel has been first on the scene.

"Rabbits be senseless critters!" said Shep, one day last week, as he and Jesse rode in the cart with the old pony down by the low meadow.

Sure enough, they saw what they hoped to see, but though rabbits "be senseless critters"—in this case the laugh was very much against Shep and Jesse.

Seated high and dry on a fallen log was a nice, well-grown rabbit—seeming quite unconcerned at Bess splashing through the water.

And not until the dog was almost on its tail did the rabbit hop unconcernedly into the hollow end of the log.

"We've got it!" exclaimed Shep and Jess in a breath, and, wading through several inches of water, carried the heavy log on to dry ground.

They dropped it with a jolt, and out bolted the rabbit, scuttling away to safety before the two men had time to say "There it goes!"

Even then the laugh against them wasn't over, for Jesse remarked, "If we can't 'ev rabbit we'll 'ev a bit of firewood."

And they proceeded to sling the heavy log on to the cart. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" they both exclaimed, and dropped the log on the ground again.

Two more rabbits had hopped out of the log and hurried away—leaving Shep and Jesse with quite pained expressions on their faces.

And it didn't mend matters when, just then, Bess turned up with a weasel she had worried, and, dropping it at Shep's feet, wagged her tail in anticipation of being complimented on her skill.

Fred Kitchen



MOVIES IN COLOUR

THIS article is an attempt to set forth briefly, in simple terms and without explanation or discussion of technical details, the present and latest method of Technicolor procedure.

The first fundamental fact of Technicolor photography is that, instead of photographing single images, triple images must be photographed. That is to say, separate records of the colour components of the object must be recorded in the negative.

The second fundamental law governing Technicolor photography is that by suitable combination of proper proportions of these three colours—"red," "green" and "blue," all colours may be produced.

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

Hence, the first step in colour photography is to obtain a photographic record of all the "red" parts or red components of the object to be photographed, of all the "green" parts or green components of the object to be photographed, and of all the "blue" parts or blue components of the object to be photographed, each separately.

There are three possible ways of doing this; first, by photographing the object through three lenses placed side by side, placing behind the first lens a red screen, that is, a transparent medium dyed "red," which is transparent only to "red" lights and correspondingly behind the second and third lenses respectively, a "green" and a "blue" screen.

In that way through each of these screens would be recorded on the negative only those parts of the object which the screen transmitted.

The next principle of Technicolor photography is that these three colour separation negatives must be re-combined in some way with appropriate dyes, or coloured materials to reproduce the original object, for which purpose they must be identical in size.

That is to say, while they are different in intensity corresponding to the different proportions of colour coming from the original object, they must be geometrically identical. If they are not geometrically identical, they will not fit exactly when combined and there will be colour fringes at the edges.

For this reason the process employing the three lenses in the former illustrations is unsatisfactory.

Each of the lenses views the object from a somewhat different angle and hence the images are not geometrically identical, introducing what is known as parallax. This method has been used in some attempts at colour photography.

A second method would be to employ only one lens, and, by suitable mechanism, to shift the three filters "red," "green" and "blue"—behind the lens in rapid succession, taking a picture, one after the other, through each of these filters successively, which (if the pictures were taken in sufficiently rapid succession) would fulfil the provision of "persistence of vision."

Do you want to live for ever?

Asks Guy Temple

RECENTLY, several crack Russian scientists conducted a series of remarkable experiments on dogs "officially" dead, according to their heart-beats. They were given an electric charge and were soon sitting up and begging.

It seems that despite wars, dried eggs, income tax and other woes, you and I have a better expectation of life than our ancestors. The average age at death in this country is 60.

Naturally, there have been men and women who managed to see whole families of undertakers laid to rest without giving them a ha'porth of business. Every country has its Methuselahs, but not all can show birth certificates. . . .

Norway still boasts of a

hearty who dented Father Time's scythe until he was rising 159. At the age of 150 he became a father. Among the mourners was a broken-hearted younger son of 103 summers and winters.

They say Siberia is an unhealthy place, but one native laughed at his arteries until he had celebrated 155 birthdays. His last birthday cake cost him a month's pay in candles alone. Ivan was no help to the moralists. The village records show that he died of drink!

America, despite refrigerators, motor cars and other modern luxuries, doesn't seem to bring home many winners in the Anno Domini stakes. The records show that only three Yanks in 100,000 knock out a century. One lady had an innings of 110. It is rumoured, probably without authority, that she was a Sinatra fan and died in the mad rush for Frankie's autograph.

Britain can proudly point to Tom Parr, who worked on the land until he was 152. He saw nine kings laid to rest, and still went on punishing his arteries. A great practitioner with the knife and fork was Tom, and no novice with a pint tankard either! He defied all the health rules, kept the brewers happy, and never rested his cutlery until his plate shone like a mirror.

Tom felt so confident of immortality that he rushed a girl to the altar when he had celebrated his 120th birthday. He was in the best of shape when he died. Too hearty a meal at last stopped that magnificent heart.

Quite a different figure was the late John D. Rockefeller, who had more millions than a dog has fleas. John D. nearly scored a century, but one cannot even classify him with the hearty Methuselahs who lived quite normally. The multimillionaire spent his last years on a diet of dry biscuits and milk.

The Russian scientists have specialised in this science of making us live a long, long time.

A certain Professor Bogomolev sees no reason why we shouldn't all live for a hundred years. He has drawn up complicated rules for living simply. The basis is carefully-proportioned work and rest. No doubt he foresees a world without foremen, cup-ties and the Underground!

Then there is the great Serge Voronoff, whose experiments with monkey glands have kept our radio comics in gags for years. This scientist spent many years experimenting with animals. He found that by grafting tissues from healthy young rams into old-timers the latter recovered their hair, vitality, and what-have-you.

Hundreds of wealthy folk who want to turn back the clock have crowded into Voronoff's consulting-rooms. But this expert has looked beyond rich faddists keen to make their birth certificates look silly.

Recently, he transferred thyroid glands from monkeys into the bodies of mentally defective or backward children. The results have been sensational. Many of the youngsters have developed normal intelligence in a short time.

The experiments are still going on. One day we may see obituaries like this: "John Smith, deeply mourned by his relatives, cut off in his prime. Aged 106." Who knows?

Our future fishermen go to school

BEFORE the war 58,000 people were directly employed in the fishing industry, and when peace returns, experts anticipate that this number will be increased by half.

When war was declared, 70 per cent. of the trawler fleet were called into service with the Royal Navy. Those left behind, in the face of great danger, and with veteran crews, with youths mixed carefully among them, continued to bring in good catches.

In the first year of the war, until controls came in, more than one skipper made, in the course of seven months, as much as £3,700.

It was not easy money; every penny was earned. Remember, "No fish, no money," is the motto of the trade.

To-day, few skippers are making the great sums you often hear rumoured. As a matter of fact, many have told me that they are earning less than before the war.

Great fellows, these fishermen, typical of our island race. And, to assure Britain of future generations of first-class inshore fishermen—the chaps who bring in crabs, lobsters, sole and plaice—special schools will be developed when the war has been won.

All over Britain local fishermen are helping Fisheries Committees to draw up the courses that the would-be fishermen will have to study.

It is hoped to include in the courses instruction in seamanship, navigation, and principles of fishing, fish life, and handling and preserving fish.

Deep-sea fishermen already have their special schools in the



main fishing ports, and it will be something of an innovation for the inshore fishermen to train their own "stars of the future."

Britain's coastal waters offer great possibilities to the post-war inshore fishermen, and it is good to know that the natural grounds around our shores will probably be utilised to the best advantage.

Many men, now serving with the Royal Navy, who had rarely seen the sea before the war, have learnt to love the open air life, and from such men as these many of our post-war fishermen will be found.

If they can learn the rudiments of what is a very great art in the suggested "schools," so much the better. In the

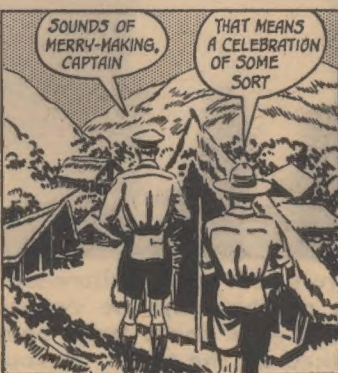
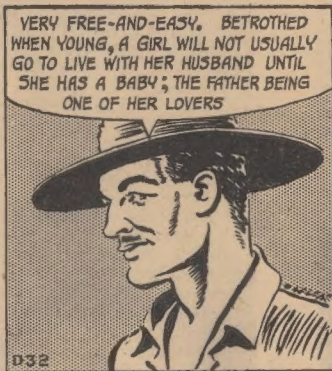
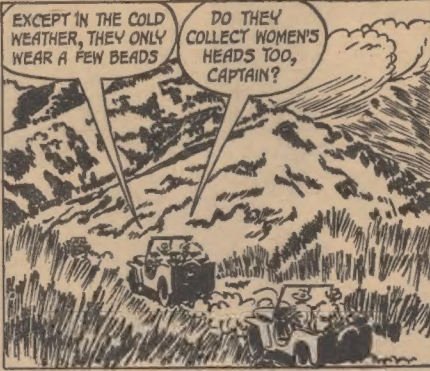
past, we, who have some of the finest fishing fleets in the world, have imported a great deal of canned fish. When peace returns, and the fishing fleets are again "at strength," it is probable the fish-canning industry in Britain will develop.

Howard Johns

FROM OUR POST BAG

I'VE taken your paper for seven months now and am still waiting for the useful paper patterns as promised by Mrs. Sew and Sew. I've saved three of my husband's shirts and am now, to use a phrase often on the lips of our dear American allies, rarin' to go."

BUCK RYAN



ODDITIES OF SPORT

By J. M. MICHAELSON

"MIXED" races have taken place from time to time with some surprising results. For instance, in a race between the two, would you back a horse or a pig? The horse, of course. That is what the owner of a fine trotting horse at the Hague thought nearly ninety years ago when he was challenged by the owner of a hog to race over six miles. The stakes were 1,000 guilders, and the owner of the horse regarded his task so lightly that he quickly assented to the condition that the horse should give weight and carry two riders.

The pig won the race by nearly half a mile. The incredibility of this feat is less when you know how his owner trained him for the race. He fed him on fresh fish only, making him go a bit further for this fish each morning.

On the morning of the race, the pig, with hardly an ounce of fat, was exactly trained to run six miles for his only meal of the day—a tub of fish, than which there is no greater delicacy for pigs! At any rate, until recently this remarkable pig's portrait was in a noted sporting club in the Dutch capital.

Talking of races, do you know the horse that won the only race it ever took part in—and that the Derby? It was Amato, in the 101st Derby, a horse remarkable for its small size—it was only a shade over 15 hands. Amato had never raced before, but beat all the favourites in the Derby easily, and never raced again, as he broke down when galloping on hard ground.

Other horses have made their first public appearance in the Derby—and won. They include Merry Hampton, which started at 100—9, and Blair Athol in 1864. Both these horses went on to the St. Leger, Merry Hampton failing and Blair Athol winning. In 1838, Bloomsbury, starting in his first race, won the Derby at 25—1.

WHAT Peer played in nine Cup Finals? The answer is Lord Kinnaird, and he set up this remarkable record in ten years, playing for two teams—Old Etonians and the Wanderers. In five finals he was on the winning side. In modern conditions this record would be as impossible to set up as football would be in white flannel trousers and very big beard, which made Lord Kinnaird a "marked" man on the field.

ON a February Saturday, a few years ago, two First Division football clubs had what must be something like record receipts—one high and the other low. Morton, the Scottish First Division side, played a cup-tie against Lambert Amateurs. Gate-money was £4. Arsenal played Preston North End, and £7,214 was taken at the gates.

AT the end of the football season of 1904, Ashbourne Town, owing to the fact that it had been playing in cup-ties and two leagues, was faced with the position of having to complete three games on the same afternoon! They met it with two teams. The first XI played the first and third matches, having a rub-down and tea in between, while the second XI played the second. All three matches were won, and the championship of the league (Matlock and District) was secured.

THE official record for the highest football score ever is Arbroath 36, Bon Accord 0, in the Scottish Cup, 1885. It would have been a smashing win even if the game had been Rugby! But in 1937, Woolston Wednesday, playing in the Southampton F.A. Mid-week Competition, won by 24—0 against Bitterne Park Old Boys, and even that did not prove enough for them.

Until the "last round" Woolston and Nelson were running even. The championship would be decided by goal average. Then Nelson had a 14—0 win and Woolston were left in the position of having to score 25 goals to nil in their last match to beat Nelson's goal average! They failed by one goal, and were exactly equal in points and goal average, even to a recurring decimal, with their rivals!

HARDLY less curious was the position in the Berks and Bucks Senior Cup in 1936, when Maidenhead United entered the semi-final—although they had already twice been beaten. It came about like this. They were beaten by Windsor and Eton 3—2. They lodged a protest, alleging their rivals played an unqualified man. A re-play was ordered. This time Windsor and Eton won by 2—1. Maidenhead protested again, and this time the decision was that Windsor and Eton should be disqualified and the tie awarded to Maidenhead.

Alex Cracks

When your coffee looks like mud, remember it may have been ground only a little earlier.

"Remember," said the instructor, "brakes are like pyjama trousers, useful in an emergency."

Mr. Wu from the train
Fell out in the rain,
His laundry all over the line.
Said the guard to a watcher,
"The train's lost a washer."
We'll look for it some other time."

TRUST US TO BE IN TIME FOR TEA!

This is the scene that met our eyes when we called at Cecily Street, A.B. Donny Key. The two new faces at the festive board are two young evacuees from London, and you can bet they're enjoying themselves.



BAIRNS ARE HEADLINE NEWS THIS WEEK



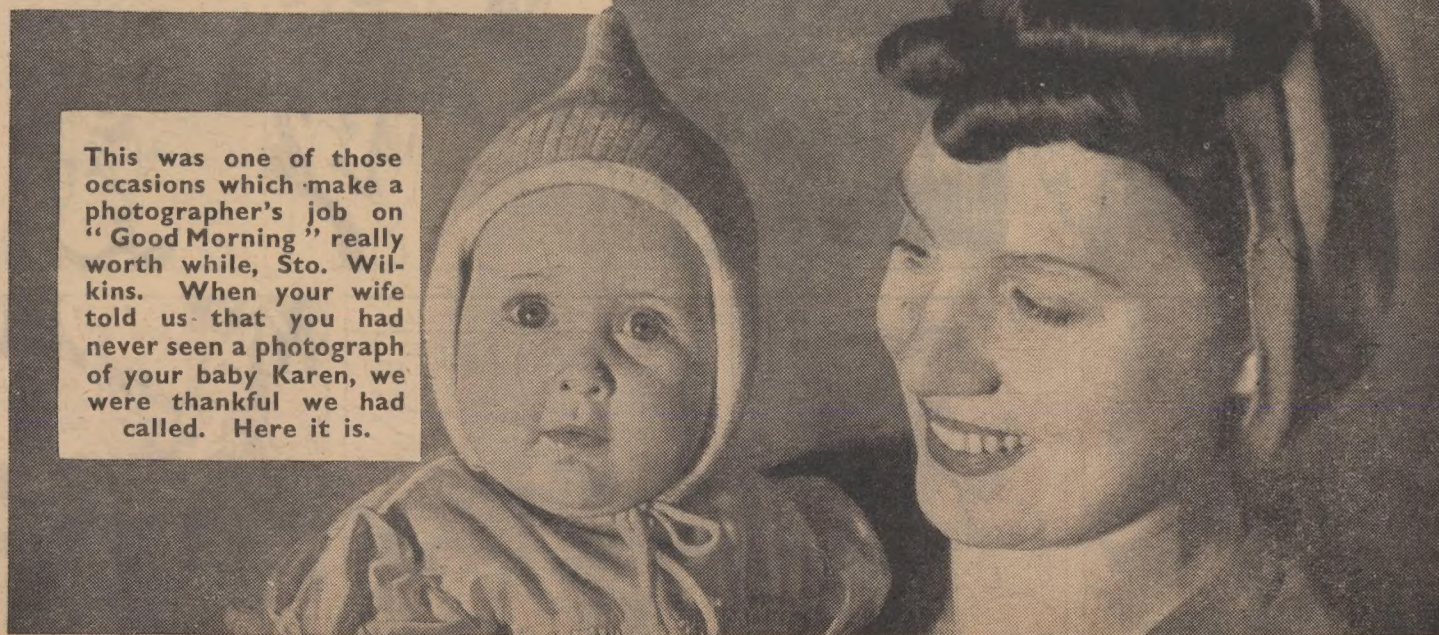
Doesn't she look the perfect mother, Sto. Archie James? Note the professional way she tilts the feeding-bottle. There's no doubt that your sweetheart Ruth and her sister's baby get along fine. At least, that's what baby Sandra told us.



"Fuse" Wilson, "G.M." ace camera-man, who took this picture, says baby Maureen is the living image of you, L./Tel. Lewis Sutton. Personally, we think you have more teeth.



Here's the young fellow-me-lad, E.R.A. Tom Sharrock. His mother says he crawls for speed and walks for swank — he must have been swanking for us, for he walked all the time. Favourite pastime now is pulling his bath over — but only when it's full.



This was one of those occasions which make a photographer's job on "Good Morning" really worth while, Sto. Wilkins. When your wife told us that you had never seen a photograph of your baby Karen, we were thankful we had called. Here it is.